

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Circulates through Pennsylvania, and all the other States of the Union, rising 7000 papers every publication.

VOL. VI—No. 314.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4, 1827.

Terms, \$2 in advance.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 112 Chesnut street, corner of Hudson's Alley, between Third and Fourth streets, and two doors below the Post-Office— Counting-Room on Hudson's Alley.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO STELLA AND ST. ORVILLE.

Adieu, dearest Stella, lovd friend of my heart,
From you, from St. Orville, sh! how can I part?

Can I bear the last look, and repress the deep sigh,

Or banch the tear that must rise in my eye;

A thousand fond visions awoke in my mind,

When youth's budding roses around us entwined;

I think with regret of the times that have past,

So sweet, so deuding, they never could last;

And the liveliest bloom that earth ever wore,

In the snow-bosom'd winter is charch'd no more;

But 'tis nature to mourn! and life's varied day,

Third's eld, and third's sunshie is passing away.

But youth's early season, its witch'ry has fled,

And the light dappled fabrics that fancy had

spread,

And dip'd in the blush of the orient sky,

So glowing, so rich, forever's gone by—

Yet still we are young—but we cannot again,

In the dead spaniel hour's of fancy remain;

Reality opens unmask'd to our view,

And the rose, and the thorn slide it will yield,

Then drop forlorn—for that deck spell

Of sophistry forlorn is broken. CIREX.

But wait 'till you can really know,
What 'tis to lose the friends of earth;
Wait 'till you feel not fanned woe,
Not pictures wretchedness and death;

Then tell me if that heart of stone,

Keen sorrow will not sometimes soften;

If the dread knowledge that alone

You must be, will not grieve you often;

Wait 'till your last unchanging friend,

Shall gash within the arms of death;

Wait 'till all help which you can lend,

Recalls not his departed breath;

Then if within you there should live,

One spark of Human Nature—dare

But to such feelings often give—

Then taste what you have scold'd—despair.

Then look upon that silent curse,

The wreck of every tie below;

And say, ay, know you feel remorse,

And let hor at the blow.

Then let that heart with anguish swell,

To see destroy'd joy's only token;

Then drop forlorn—for that deck spell

Of sophistry forlorn is broken. CIREX.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

WOMAN.

If christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is true, that the present age, above of others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to revere her influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex, as starred pedantry, or vain pretensions; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant handles read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delusions, upon their timid goodness and submissive deportment; as if to taste the soft and yielding, were a deadly poison.

They were married 9th of March, 1796, and the dowry of the bride was the chief command of the Italian armies, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of the youthful General. Bonaparte remained with his wife but three days after his marriage, hastened to see his family, who were still at Marseilles, and having enjoyed the pleasure of exhibiting himself as a favorite of Fortune in the city which he had lately left, in the capacity of an indigent adventurer, proceeded rapidly to commence the career to which Fate called him, by placing him at the head of the Italian army.

—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

THE MORALIST.

GRATITUDE.

Examples of ingratitude check and discourage voluntary beneficence; and in this the mischief of ingratitude consists. Nor is the mischief small; for after all is done that can be done, toward providing for the public happiness, by prescribing rules of justice, and enforcing the observation of them by penalties or compulsion, much must be left to the offices of kinship, which men remain at liberty to exert or withhold. Now not only the choice of the obj's, but the quantity and even the existence of this sort of kindness is inconsistent with the social character of society. We have seen that every as every man is a king in his own house, and that the refinement of literature adds justice to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools, that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and that very sparkle, like those of the diamond, at once cut down by the keen edged scythe of time, and laid in the cold arms of death. No age, sex or condition is exempt, but all alike are levelled in the dust. Let us approach you wide repository of the dead, and seek there for distinction. There is the tomb of the ambitious man, whose aspiring soul once ploughed a nation in woe, and whose name is written in human blood upon the tablet of remembrance, handed down to posterity! But behold here he lies in his own insignificance. Here is the grave of the proud man, who considered himself superior to his fellow mortals, and looked down with deriding contempt upon those who could do less than himself equal by the laws of nature. What is presented now? Let us wrench the firm portals which lock him from our sight, and search after the difference between him and the pauper at his side. Lo it is done! Ah! me, what an appalling spectacle he remains present to the astonished sight. A ghastly skeleton is all that is left, and even that cannot be recognized to have belonged to so boastful a being. See his bones are beginning to crumble into dust, and then, where will be the proof that he ever existed on the earth? None, none will then be found. He will have returned to his mother earth, and lie all forgotten! The eloquent ploughman will pass by his grave incognitus of his greatness, and will be his bairn at the evening hour. A short space is allotted to his relics in this solitary ground, and the same circumference is given to the beggar who shambles at his side. Misery taught the proud man, but alas! he cannot deny it, there in his sight sleeps the skull which once was filled with so many Utopian dreams as that which gazes with vacant stare upon it. Heart rending idea to the proud man! Here views the state to which his own frame must be subjected, which he now thinks to be good almost to tread the earth beneath him. Thus sleeps great Caesar, and their shambles Tarquin the proud. Their pride could not retrieve their fall, and their boasted superiority could not escape the young jaws of the grave. Ah! it is no rare spectre of persons, but devours, without remorse, his millions at one meal, and slays youth, beauty, rule and grandeur, nor casts a single glance on his innumerate choicer.

It is impossible to particularize the several expressions of gratitude, or as much as they vary with the character and situation of the benefactor, and with the opportunities of the period; but all are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners and blandness of life command respect, as much as their talents deserve his admiration; and in these the due proportion of gratitude, and the due estimation of the merit of the benefactor, are to be found. The pride of man, like the pride of the schools, that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and that very sparkle, like those of the diamond, at once cut down by the keen edged scythe of time, and laid in the cold arms of death. No age, sex or condition is exempt, but all alike are levelled in the dust. Let us approach you wide repository of the dead, and seek there for distinction. There is the tomb of the ambitious man, whose aspiring soul once ploughed a nation in woe, and whose name is written in human blood upon the tablet of remembrance, handed down to posterity! But behold here he lies in his own insignificance. Here is the grave of the proud man, who considered himself superior to his fellow mortals, and looked down with deriding contempt upon those who could do less than himself equal by the laws of nature. What is presented now? Let us wrench the firm portals which lock him from our sight, and search after the difference between him and the pauper at his side. Lo it is done! Ah! me, what an appalling spectacle he remains present to the astonished sight. A ghastly skeleton is all that is left, and even that cannot be recognized to have belonged to so boastful a being. See his bones are beginning to crumble into dust, and then, where will be the proof that he ever existed on the earth? None, none will then be found. He will have returned to his mother earth, and lie all forgotten! The eloquent ploughman will pass by his grave incognitus of his greatness, and will be his bairn at the evening hour. A short space is allotted to his relics in this solitary ground, and the same circumference is given to the beggar who shambles at his side. Misery taught the proud man, but alas! he cannot deny it, there in his sight sleeps the skull which once was filled with so many Utopian dreams as that which gazes with vacant stare upon it. Heart rending idea to the proud man! Here views the state to which his own frame must be subjected, which he now thinks to be good almost to tread the earth beneath him. Thus sleeps great Caesar, and their shambles Tarquin the proud. Their pride could not retrieve their fall, and their boasted superiority could not escape the young jaws of the grave. Ah! it is no rare spectre of persons, but devours, without remorse, his millions at one meal, and slays youth, beauty, rule and grandeur, nor casts a single glance on his innumerate choicer.

A new path is then open to female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of matronage, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty.

Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship.

He has rivals or allies in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners and blandness of life command respect, as much as their talents deserve his admiration; and in these the due proportion of gratitude, and the due estimation of the merit of the benefactor, are to be found.

It may be observed, however, that gratitude can never oblige a man to do what is wrong, and what by consequence he is precluded from doing.

It is no ingratiation to refuse to do, what we cannot reasonably expect to any apprehensions of our duty; but it is ingratitude and hypocrisy together, to pretend otherwise, when it is not the real one, and the frequency of such pretences has brought this apology for non-compliance with the will of a benefactor into unmerited disuse.

It has long been accounted a violation of delicacy and of courtesy to upbraid men with the favours they have received; but it argues a total destitution of both these qualities, as well as of moral purity, to take advantage of an asacesney, which the conferring of benefits justly creates, to draw or drive those whom we have obliged into mean or dishonest compliances.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE VANITY OF PRIDE.

Why did this fail to triumph on the way?

Then whose undignified flight,

Hast left the scenes of earlier days?

Wrapt in oblivion's night,

And baring the glorious moment nigh?

When peace shall reign and strife shall die.

STANZAS.

Let the stern mind reflective—sleep—

With cold philosophy induced,

Look on with scorn at passion's sweep,

Sooth feelings unstrung;

Let the heart spurn all trivial joys,

And glory in each wish represt,

And argue that each pleasure close,

And abating make the breast.

This can be done—when all is fair—

When real sorrows never oppress;

When never having tasted care,

You spurn at each cause;

Then you can fay that no lies;

Have the heart hold upon the heart;

That worldly weakness you despise;

And never can feel an inward smart.

And there is pleasure then, to vice;

The thousand ills which may be felt;

Yes, fay that you feel them too;

Boast you have never knelt;

And in your weakness, sorrow'd o'er;

The loss of some much valued one,

Whose life was snatched away before;

His term of usefulness begun;

And you may wonder when you see

The eye of one with weeping swoln,

And my within yourself, that he

The spirit of a girl has stoln;

And look upon his face with scorn;

And marvel that a man could be

So weak, that feeling could suborn;

That hardy soul which should be free

From sighing woe, or noisy grie.

we see no reason to doubt him, that although the lady was ten or three years older than himself, yet being still in the full bloom of beauty, and agreeable in her manners, he was induced solely by her personal charms, to make her an offer of his hand, and fortune—little supposing, of course, to what the gift would be rise. Bonaparte was then in his twenty-sixth year; Josephine gave herself to the marriage contract for twenty-eight.

Although he himself is said to have been fond, believing in destiny and in the influence of his birth, to his mother's son, who was a child, prophesied a short reign to a dignity greater than that of a queen; yet all this was one of those vagueness, delivered at random by tools or impostors, which the caprice of Fortune matches with a corresponding and conforming event. But without trusting to the African sybils's prediction, Bonaparte may have foreseen his match under the auspices of a woman as well as of a man.

The marriage was a mean of uniting his fortune with those of Barres and Talien, the first of whom governed France as one of the directors, and the last, from debts, and political enemies, and secret influence. He had already associated with them, and had his eyes set on the day of his marriage, to rise still higher, and without deriving from the head's merits, we may suppose in their society corresponded with the views of the nobility. This was one of those vagueness, delivered at random by tools or impostors, which the caprice of Fortune matches with a corresponding and conforming event. But without trusting to the African sybils's prediction, Bonaparte may have foreseen his match under the auspices of a woman as well as of a man.

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—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

"Will you buy my flowers," said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses, "they are newly blown and fresh, buy a red rose for your hair, mass; here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose my child," said the young lady, "there are thorns among them—but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet; oh, it's a forget me not!" "Pardon me miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged." "To whom?" "To master Charles Leland," said the lady; "Well but he's another, what a beautiful pair!" "They are twin flowers, they are both for that gentelman," said the little girl. "Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, as she said it, and seemed to sparkle in her eye, "he is a rich collector of the king's revenues made his address to the lady as a lover. The devious charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and like a virtuous woman discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up that she was taken up for dead, and interred as such.

"Love is impatient," said Harriet, counting the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; he was not the man to be a traveller on this tempestuous night.

Society of Friends is no way surprising. The earnestness and vehemence of his oratory, his venerable antique appearance, his general reputation for probity, the novelty of many of his opinions, the boldness and apparent simplicity of his views respecting the government of Providence, and the spirituality of the Gospel dispensation, are all fitted to overwhelm the understanding and lead captive the affections of his hearers. A close examination, however, will detect many gross inconsistencies amidst these imposing traits. His mission, he says, is to call the attention of the people from every thing onward; as if outward helps were not designed in the scheme of Providence for our strength and confirmation. He acknowledges that every good has its counterpart—that there are transformations—that antichrist transforms himself into an angel of light; and that what is written concerning the precepts and example of Jesus comprehend more than all the other books on earth. Yet it is attempted to convict him of error by what is there written, he at once exclaims, "the latter kills," and "there never was any thing made more a nose of wax of than the Bible." He rejects as cruel and unjust, the Scripture doctrine that the death of Christ was an offering for the sins of the world; yet teaches that it atoned for those of the Jews under the Mosaic law. He admits that Christ was a perfect example, yet asserts that he was a frail and peccable man, and that it is in the power of each one of us, to become as truly and really as he, the son of God. In short, the practical tendency of his doctrines is, to persuade the mind of its own infidelity, and to destroy the authority of Scripture as a curb on the licentiousness of opinion.

He teaches that Jesus Christ was not only the son of Mary, but that "there is considerable more Scripture evidence for his being the son of Joseph than otherwise." At all events, so important a master is the Divinity of Jesus, that he believes "would be a much greater sin in him to smoke tobacco than was the produce of the labour of slaves, than to believe either of these positions." (Letter to T. Willis.) "He had a measure of the grace of God, to direct him to the fulfillment of the Jewish covenant and law, and when he had completed this, he filled it up from the divine requirements, he was prepared for a greater portion of divine power." N. Y. Sermons, p. 93. After having "fulfilled all the rigors of the law," and submitted to the water baptism of John, "he immediately received the descending of the Holy Spirit of God upon him, by which he became a partaker of the Divine nature of his Heavenly Father, and by this spiritual birth became the son of God, with power." Wisdom justified, &c. "Here is the full and complete divinity of Jesus Christ. From what Jesus himself said, HE WAS NOT GOD." N. Y. Sermon, p. 96. "God has been as willing to reveal his will to every creature as he was to our first parents, to Moses and the prophets, to Jesus Christ and his apostles. He never can set ANY OF THESE above us, because if he did, he would be partial." Phil. Sermon, p. 292. "He must dispense (to his children) that portion (of his divine nature) which will make them like himself. For his children are as much like their Almighty Father as the children of the sons of men are like their fathers. Every child of God has the full and complete nature, spirit, and I may not say THE DIVINITY OF GOD ALMIGHTY." N. Y. Sermon, p. 130.

Elias Hicks asserts that the sufferings and death of the Righteous, (among whom he includes Jesus Christ,) were entirely opposite to, and inconsistent with the will and purpose of God." "Had the Israelites all been faithful to that outward covenant given them through Moses, the end of the coming of their Messiah would have been much more fully answered—No suffering, no crucifixion, no death of Jesus Christ would have taken place; but when his ministry on earth was finished, he would, like Enoch and Elijah, have been translated without suffering the pains of death." Letter to W. B. Irish. "I consider the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, on the outward cross, applied only as a matter of redemption to the Israelites; an outward redemption of their outward bodies." Ibid.

"He was only an outward Saviour—that healed their outward diseases—no outward Saviour could cleanse the soul—no external Saviour could have any hand in it." Phil. Sermon, p. 50. "I readily acknowledge, I have not been able to see or understand how the cruel persecution and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, by the wicked and hard-hearted Jews should expire my sins." Letter to Dr. Atlee. In another place he speaks of the wickedness and absurdity of the idea, and asks if "it be possible that any rational being, having a right sense of justice or mercy, would be willing to accept forgiveness of sins on such terms?" Letter to Dr. Shoemaker.

I tremble while I transcribe these sentences. "Friends forgive them, for they know not what they do," that was the prayer in his last mortal agony of H.I.M.—whose birth was proclaimed by an angel, to be "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people,"—who said to the woman—"Thy sins are forgiven thee," who declared—"I and my Father are one,"—whose reply to the exclamation of Thomas—"My Lord and my God!" was—"because that had seen me thou hast believed,"—who prayed to the Father—"Glory to thee that dwelt in me, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was;"—who declared that "all the tribes of the earth should see him coming in the clouds of Heaven with power and great glory;"—"who had laid us low and washed us from our sins in his own blood;" "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" "King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

With respect to the Scriptures, Elias Hicks generally styles them "the letter." Although he admits a great deal of them to have been opened by the revealing spirit of the Lord. (Phil. Sermon, p. 315) yet he says that we must no longer look to the letter; let it come from what source it may, it is no difference. (Ib. p. 112.) No experience will be worth any thing to us which is not begotten by the influence of the blessed spirit of God." (N. Y. Sermon, p. 123.) "In the (testor, i. e. the Scripture) proves itself what it is, that it is nothing but a history of passing events, which occurred eighteen hundred years ago, a great portion of which may be true." (Phil. Sermon, p. 315.) He avers that they were not necessary, perhaps, not suited to any other people than the Jews. (Ib. p. 119)—"That there is nothing in the New Testament which appears to a covenant" (p. 124)—"That the great and only useful action towards to turn our back upon the letter." (p. 245) "What can the letter do?"—"What has it ever done?" "It can do nothing." (p. 171.) One would suppose that to a rational mind, the hearing and reading of the innumerable parables of Jesus, would have a tendency to turn us and turn us back to truth, and lead them in error—but they have no such effect." (p. 174.) To sum up in one comprehensive phrase, "The latter kills."

CITIZEN'S LINE FOR NEW YORK.

The ready access of communication between the different large cities on our continent, in this wonderful age of improvements, excites scarcely a thought among the busy throng of travellers, or even journalists. A jaunt to New York, or Boston, is attended with no other preparatory arrangements than would be taken for a visit to Minawauk, or other towns within ten miles of Philadephia. On the route to the far-famed city of Gotham, the accommodations on board the steam boats and stages are certainly calculated to enhance the pleasure of the passengers—particularly in the "CITIZEN'S LINE." This company have fitted up both of their boats in the first style; they are commanded too by gentlemen who are universally respected for their courtesy and polite attention. Frequently during the present season their trips have been made in ten hours—The shortest time generally known is eleven. The Canal between Washington and the Barton, which is nearly completed, will save a considerable distance, and enable travellers, when the tides favor, to reach either city in nine hours.

MELANCHTHON.

EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"T. C. G." on the "Abuse of the Juvenile Laws," is a well written essay. The tricks and practices of the individual to whom it refers, are exposed with masterly force, and the necessity of keeping a strict watch over him clearly demonstrated. Its personality alone prevents our inserting it. The hints it contains, however, are not thrown away upon us; we shall bear them in constant remembrance, and in due season make a proper use of them.

Two interesting letters from correspondents, one in Scotland and the other at Hot Springs, Va are to be inserted, and will have appeared but for the want of other important articles.

"PETER SINGLETON," "A STUDENT," "SAPPHO," "ALPHONSE," "IVANHOE," "J. B. S." are received.

"Come to me when day-light sets," arranged to Music, has been furnished from Baltimore. We have several other songs on file which are entitled to preference on our column.

"The Essay" of L. X. is admirably drawn—does he treat of modern matters and things, or is it only the fruitful conglomeration of an over wrought imagination that depicts—should like to know, for (as they say in Rhode Island) we *guess* "thereby have a sale."

The Entry of Paginians in reply to Melanchthon has been received, but too late for this day's paper.

It shall appear in our next.

"The Mother's Prayer" by Atwood, is an expressive and feeling poem—no heart, not devoid of sympathy, will but respond to the sentiments it contains.

We have re-examined the address of "A Poet in Troy," and find that it will, in consequence of its great length, take up too much of our time in attempting to make it suitable for publication.

It is probable, in case we can obtain an engraving on wood, to elucidate the solution to "Agriculture's" question, that we will find room for it in a future number.

"A Bad Day" is informed that our sympathies for Greece are not exhausted although we have been silent on the subject, nor will they be again for a reasonable period; at any rate, not during the present oppressive weather.

The line of our imaginative friend at Geneva, N. Y. will receive early attention. We are surprised by the lively interest he has expressed for the hospitality shown to him while on a tour to our city—and we cherish the hope that it may induce him to repeat his visit sooner than was at first intended.

The story of Mattioli's next week—to know that we are not forgotten by "an old friend" has touched us more nearly than words will satisfactorily explain—we would say, as they do in Spain, "May he live a thousand years."

In running our eye over the columns of a weekly paper, published in this city, our attention was arrested by the words a "friend to generous principles," and knowing that generous principles are not often to be met with there, we read on, desiring to ascertain what could have prompted the Editor to depart from his usual course, and introduce such into his paper. We were mistaken, however, in supposing that any thing of the kind could be found in a paper which has always been remarkable for its hostility to whatever is generous, for we soon discovered, that what had attracted our observation was simply an announcement to a correspondent that the remarks he had written over this title, were placed among the "rubbish," where he was assured, every thing of the same nature under the control of that paper, would be found.

The Jury empanelled at Albany, for the trial of Jesse Strang, accused of the murder of John Whipple, have returned a verdict of guilty.

More and better reads are much wanted in Tennessee. Iron Rail Roads have been recommended there—as the cheapest in the end.

A gentleman in Pittsburg has it in contemplation to collect for publication, material for a history of the Western Country from the first settlement by the whites.

At the Jersey Glass Works near New York, stained and marbled glass is manufactured.

Coloring and ornamenting the common window glass are beautifully done.

The celebrated race-horse Eclipse is advertised for sale in the Richmond papers by Elihu Laird, agent for J. C. Stevens and W. Livingston.

The Batavia Times states, that Mr. Bruce, sheriff of Niagara county, was summoned to Albany by the governor, to answer certain charges preferred against him, for his supposed agency in the abduction of Morgan; and that the charges not being substantiated, have been withdrawn.

A riot is said to have taken place near Kingston, Upper Canada, probably connected with the elections going on there, in which the authorities were obliged to call out the military, and that before the unhappy affair was quelled, several of the rioters were shot.

The persons engaged in boring for coal in the vicinity of Middletown, Conn. have made a perforation to the depth of more than 50 feet.

They have bored through a very hard stratum of rock, and are now upon a reddish brownish slate stone.

The schouer Miranda, John, at New Orleans from Havana, picked up nearly outside of the Bay of Matanzas, a Koutunkian in a canoe, having both bow and stern broke out, and some half dozen potatoes on board, bound to Florida, whether he said he was going to settle, or his Kentucky friend was in danger of sinking before he settled.

On Wednesday morning of last week, at West Bloomfield, New Jersey, Mrs. Margaret Elbert, wife of Mr. Cornelius Elbert, put an end to her existence by hanging herself.

A letter from Marseilles states that a principal cause of the menacing attitude that France has just assumed towards Algiers is the insult offered by that Regency to the flag of the Pope, several of whose subjects are at this moment Capitives at Algiers.

The U. S. ship Erie, lying at the Navy Yard, Wallabout, New York, is ordered to be got ready for sea with all possible despatch, to join our West India squadron.

The long Stephen Gerard, Build, arrived at Charleston on the 23d ult. in 14 days from Trinidad, (Gotha.) Captain B. states, that when he left, it was very sickly, several English and Americans had died of yellow fever.

The Savings Bank of Bristol, R. I. has stopped receiving deposits, and gives notice to depositors that they can have their money by applying at the Freemen's Bank.

A well dressed young man, named Dawson, was detected in stealing \$700 from a Mr. Reddick, on board a steamer on her passage from Cincinnati to Wheeling, on the 8th ult.

A young man in England, hitherto a had man, and on whom the hydrocephalus had apparently appeared, was cured by the cantharization of the salvia ginseng, by a red hot iron.

It is reported that Mr. T. J. Randolph has received an offer from some person in Boston, of \$10,000 dollars for the late Mr. Jefferson's manuscripts.

He is stated in the first number of Caleb Atwater's Notes on Ohio, that the first vessel ever launched by Europeans on the Upper Lakes, was built in 1809, by Lt. Saitte, a Frenchman—147 years ago! She was called the Free, and many other objects worthy of note are to be seen.

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EPITOME OF NEWS.

John Q. Adams, Esq. President of the United States, and son, arrived in this city on the 1st inst. in the Baltimore steamboat Newcastle, Captain Jenkins. He took his departure on Thursday morning, in the steamboat Trenton, Capt. A. Jenkins, for New-York.

The Insolvent Court of Philadelphia, during the last five years, has discharged the following number of applicants: In 1822, 719; in 1823, 869; in 1824, 739; in 1825, 713; in 1826, 724; in 1827, two terms, 373.

At Philadelphia, the maintenance of one in the Almshouse costs 84 cents a week, Baltimore 28s, in New York 47.

We are happy to state that Mr. Madison is entirely recovered from his illness before he at once exclaims, "the latter kills," and "there never was any thing made more a nose of wax of than the Bible." He rejects as cruel and unjust, the Scripture doctrine that the death of Christ was an offering for the sins of the world; yet teaches that it atoned for those of the Jews under the Mosaic law. He admits that Christ was a perfect example, yet asserts that he was a frail and peccable man, and that it is in the power of each one of us, to become as truly and really as he, the son of God. In short, the practical tendency of his doctrines is, to persuade the mind of its own infidelity, and to destroy the authority of Scripture as a curb on the licentiousness of opinion.

He teaches that Jesus Christ was not only the son of Mary, but that "there is considerable more Scripture evidence for his being the son of Joseph than otherwise."

"The Mother's Prayer" by Atwood, is an expressive and feeling poem—no heart, not devoid of sympathy, will but respond to the sentiments it contains.

We have re-examined the address of "A Poet in Troy," and find that it will, in consequence of its great length, take up too much of our time in attempting to make it suitable for publication.

It is probable, in case we can obtain an engraving on wood, to elucidate the solution to "Agriculture's" question, that we will find room for it in a future number.

"The Essay" of L. X. is admirably drawn—does he treat of modern matters and things, or is it only the fruitful conglomeration of an over wrought imagination that depicts—should like to know, for (as they say in Rhode Island) we *guess* "thereby have a sale."

The line of our imaginative friend at Geneva, N. Y. will receive early attention. We are surprised by the lively interest he has expressed for the hospitality shown to him while on a tour to our city—and we cherish the hope that it may induce him to repeat his visit sooner than was at first intended.

The Jury empanelled at Albany, for the trial of Jesse Strang, accused of the murder of John Whipple, have returned a verdict of guilty.

More and better reads are much wanted in Tennessee. Iron Rail Roads have been recommended there—as the cheapest in the end.

A gentleman in Pittsburg has it in contemplation to collect for publication, material for a history of the Western Country from the first settlement by the whites.

At the Jersey Glass Works near New York, stained and marbled glass is manufactured.

Coloring and ornamenting the common window glass are beautifully done.

The celebrated race-horse Eclipse is advertised for sale in the Richmond papers by Elihu Laird, agent for J. C. Stevens and W. Livingston.

The Batavia Times states, that Mr. Bruce, sheriff of Niagara county, was summoned to Albany by the governor, to answer certain charges preferred against him, for his supposed agency in the abduction of Morgan; and that the charges not being substantiated, have been withdrawn.

A riot is said to have taken place near Kingston, Upper Canada, probably connected with the elections going on there, in which the authorities were obliged to call out the military, and that before the unhappy affair was quelled, several of the rioters were shot.

The persons engaged in boring for coal in the vicinity of Middletown, Conn. have made a perforation to the depth of more than 50 feet.

They have bored through a very hard stratum of rock, and are now upon a reddish brownish slate stone.

The schouer Miranda, John, at New Orleans from Havana, picked up nearly outside of the Bay of Matanzas, a Koutunkian in a canoe, having both bow and stern broke out, and some half dozen potatoes on board, bound to Florida, whether he said he was going to settle, or his Kentucky friend was in danger of sinking before he settled.

On Wednesday morning of last week, at West Bloomfield, New Jersey, Mrs. Margaret Elbert, wife of Mr. Cornelius Elbert, put an end to her existence by hanging herself.

A Tuesday evening, the 27th ult. ANN, infant daughter of Benjamin H. Springer.

On Tuesday evening, the 24th ult. ANNE, wife of Dr. ELIZABETH THIHNICK.

On Sunday morning, the 29th ult. MRS. HANNAH CUTTER, wife of Samuel Culter, daughter of Peter Keen, aged 3 years.

On Monday morning, the 30th ult. after a short illness, MRS. REBECCA HUBBARD.

On Friday, the 27th ult. ANN, infant daughter of Benjamin H. Springer.

On Tuesday evening, the 31st ult. of a pulmonary consumption, MRS. ISABELLA BROWN, aged 31 years.

On Tuesday morning, the 31st ult. MR. JOHN MINTON GORDON.

On Wednesday evening, the 29th ult. GONZALO, youngest son of Mr. Felix Moran, of this city, aged 23 years.

On Saturday afternoon, the 27th ult. MR. SAMUEL A. WHEAT, a native of Philadelphia, and who had resided in that state a little more than 12 months.

Mr. W. has left a young wife, and aged parents to whom the loss of a skilled husband, a dutiful son, and an industrious and upright man.

On Saturday evening, the 31st ult. JOHN MINTON G

